THE CHILDREN'S PA

THE BOY AND THE FLAG

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT

Do you know the story of it?
Do you sense the glory of it
With a pulsing rapture that thrills
you through and through?
When you see it gleaming there,
When you see it streaming there,
Do you grasp the meaning of those
Stars and Stripes to you?

You can see the beauty there—
Can you read your duty there
When you see it flutter against the
sky to-day?
Does it stir the soul of you,
Does it fill the whole of you—
The flag that flies above you and
half a world away?

Think of those who wrought for it!
Honor those who fought for it—
Who gave their lives to save it in
the darksome days of old!
Not a blot is staining there!
Every star remaining there!
All the hopes of millions its
rippling stripes enfold!

Show yourself a man for it!
Do the most you can for it!
Remember that you owe it the
best you have to give!
Duty's voice may call to you,
The post of honor fall to you,
O then to die beneath it were
sweeter than to live!

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fears increased, for the water was running more swiftly than she had supposed. They had come nine miles on their journey, and it did seem too bad to turn back. "But," said Lucy, "we'd better turn round than get mired in quicksand."

Will stood silent and looked a long time at the water, trying to estimate how much of the sand was barely wet and how much covered with a dangerous current. His heart was now set on the visit to Mulhall, and, man like, he hated to retreat without having ventured anything. Presently he took one of the horses out of the traces and waded in.

"I'll cross this way first and see if it is safe for the wagon," he said.

It seemed safe enough. He did not sink to his hips during the passage; frequently the children, who had begun to shriek and cry. Will sternly urged his horses. Soon they had struggled across the gully and had scrambled up the steep. And then, as the front wheel struck the edge, the gray mare fell down. Instantly the wagon seemed to settle lower in the sand.

In vain Will shouted at and whipped the beast; she was discouraged; the terrible sand was rapidly going from under her and piling against her side. Her mate, the bay horse, was rearing and pawing, trying to get away.

Will stared desperately at his wife in the wagon. He could not hold the bay and lift the gray at the same time. The man's thoughts were divided between his beloved ones and the clothing and breadstuff in the wagon, which

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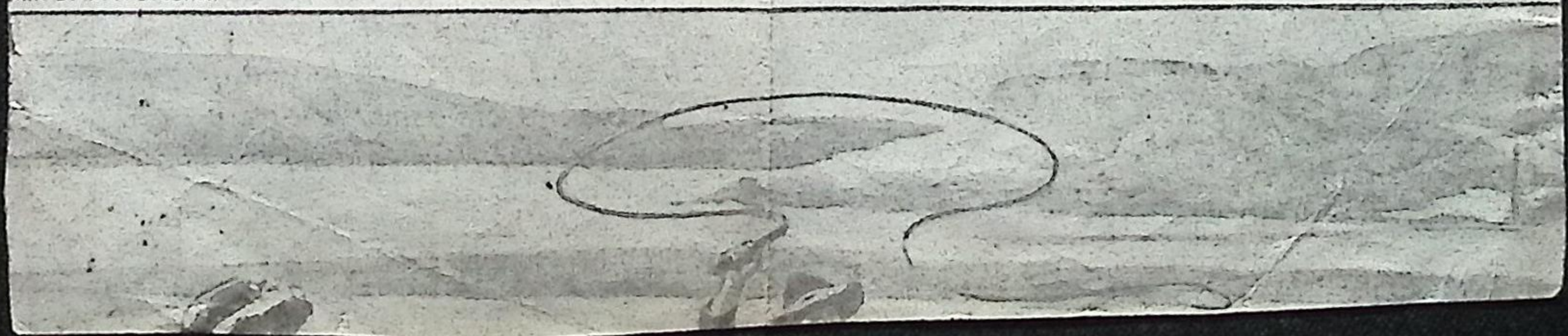
AWN BY W. F. STECHER